

“Ye Scheepe-Thiefe:”

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD,

IN

ELEVEN BLEATS,

BY

“Ye Greeshian Poette.”

John C. Moore



“Baa! Baa! black sheep;
Have you got any wool?”— LAMB.

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PROEM.

The author of this little poem, Mr. John C. Moore, one of the reporters of the *Boston Journal*, came to New Hampshire as a stenographic reporter of the proceedings of the Legislature for the *New Hampshire Patriot*, a democratic newspaper, and performed his labors so satisfactorily, that his reports at once superseded all others; and he received the congratulations and friendship of all the members of the Legislature, and others of both political parties. His success, however, aroused the anger of George Gilman Fogg, who controlled the *Independent Democrat*, and was unable to make or to secure correct legislative reports for his journal. He therefore commenced assailing Mr. Moore in his paper, calling him "a paddy from Cork," accusing him of intemperance, and in his usual style of vituperation, hurling at him all the ill-mannered language he could command, hoping in this way to drive him from New Hampshire, and to deprive the public of the benefit of his full and faithful reports.

Thus violently and unjustly attacked, Mr. Moore, instead of retreating, began to inquire into the antecedents of such an Ishmaelite as Fogg had proved himself to be. The members of the legislature rallied to his assistance; and the members from Pittsfield, Barnstead, Gilmanton, and New Hampton, and others, succeeded in procuring for him the materials for the entire history of his assailant, which Mr. Moore wove into verse, and the following poem, "YE SCHEEPE-THIEFE" is the result of his labors. Hereafter, Fogg's newspaper will be known as "The Ishmaelite," and its editor as "Ye Scheepe-Thiefe."

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“YE SCHEEPE-THIEFE.”

’Tis of a scowndrell scheepe-thiefe,
In Pyttesfelde towne lived hee,
And of hys flocke of black scheepe
Quhilk countyd three times three.

And of hys love for muttone,
And sundrie othyr thynges,
Ye scheepe-thiefe coveted and stole —
Ye Greeshian Poette synges: —

BLEATT FYRSTE.

Nyne farmers mett in Pyttesfelde towne
Upone a trayninge-daye,
And, after shakynge handes all rounde,
One to ye reste dyd saye: —

“My scheepe I countyd yesternyghte —
And eke ye prevyous daye —
And everye tyme I countyd yem,
I found one scheepe awaye.”

Oute spoke ye seconde farmer manne —

A rough-spunne manne was hee: —

“Dod darn ye thievyn’ rogue!” hee said,

“Whoever hee mote bee;

“Of scheepe, I had mee twenty-fyve

Before yis Maye begunne;

Nowe, in ye midmoste daye yereoff,

I counte butt twenty-one!”

“I’ve loste a lambe!” ye thyrde manne sayde;

Ye fourth sayde — “I’ve loste three!”

And all ye farmers cryed amain —

“And soe have allsoe wee!”

“Bye Godfrie!” swore ye rough-spunne manne,

“Did I ye thiefe butt knowe —

He’d hange as hyghe as Haman dyd

Before nexte fall of snowe!”

Thenne oute and spoke a deaconne manne —

Who aged was and wyse —

“To finde oute who ye thiefe mote bee

Perpensione I advyse:

“Ye huntzmanne cannot fynde ye deere

Without hys faythfull dogges;

Ye farmer cannot selle his wooll

Who only sheares hys hogges:

“ Ye manne he maye not muttone eate,
 Who'll neyther rayse nor buye
 Ye scheepe-meate whyche hys cellar filles —
 What thynke yee? — thus thynke I:

“ And who is hee fat muttone eates?
 Sells wooll toe buye hym rumm?
 Yet keeps noe scheepe? ” — Ye rough-spunne
 manne
 Cried out — “ 'Tis PHOGGE, BY GUMM! ”

BLEATT SECONDE.

Yis PHOGGE he was an Ishmaylyte,
 A full-bloode Zingaree;
 Hys hande was rays'd on every manne,
 And every hand on hee.

Hys shantee stooode wythin a swampe,
 (Whiche Greeshians calle a bogge),
 And not a manne in Pyttesfielde towne
 Dyd hobb or nobb with PHOGGE.

Noe lawfull labore e're dyd hee,
 Noe honeste wage hee won;
 Hys handy-crafte — whate'er itt was —
 Requyred noe lyghte of sunn.

Some symple people wonder'd muche
 How hee hys lyvinge mayde;
 But ye wyser 'monge ye Pyttesfelde menne
 Knew thievynge was hys trayde.

Who cockes, and henns, and duckes, and geesse,
 And scheepe, and pigges as well,
 And corne, and beanes, and pumpkyns stole,
 Ye Pyttesfelde menne coulde tell.

PHOGGE often feathers solde, and wooll,
 (Especially wooll solde he);
 Ye farmers, marks were seen yereon,
 As plaine as marks coulde bee.

Ye fox was blam'd for robbynge roostes —
 For killynge scheepe, ye dogge;
 But both were ynnocent yereoff —
 Both foxe and dogge was PHOGGE.

And whatt ye farmer menne resolv'd —
 And whatt to yem befelle
 Ye next succeedynge chapters off
 Yis chronikell will telle.

BLEATT THYRDE.

Ye deacone mann hee dyd propose
 (And ye farmers dyd agree),
 Yat from yeir number yey shoulde choose
 A commyttee of three,

Whose duty itt shoulde bee to fynde
 Ye scowndrell scheepe-thiefe, PHOGGE,
 And tayke sterne meanes to ryd yem off
 Yat twice unhallowed rogue.

Ye rough-spunne manne was one of yem —
 Ye deacone, he mayde two —
 And Ephraime Garlande was ye thirde —
 And all goode menne and true.

And every nyghte yey watchyd PHOGGE —
 At leaste a weeke or more —
 Butt oute hys shantye ne'er peep'd hee,
 For of muttone hee had store.

Att laste, hys hunger banysh'd slothe,
 Hys stolen stocke runn lowe;
 And manye mouthes hadd hee to feede —
 (Ill weeds doe fastest grow).

And forthe sneak'd hee, one earlie morne,
 Whenn honeste menne dyd sleepe,
 And oute ye rough-spunne manne hys flocke,
 PHOGGE stole ye fynest scheepe.

Ah! little recked ye scowndrell thiefe,
 Watched was hys wycked deede,
 Nor dreamed hee of ye punishmente
 Impendynge o'er hys heade.

Hee cross hys shouldere threwe ye scheepe,
 And for hys shantye ranne:
 "Dod darn ye cussed thievyngue rogue!"
 Hyssed oute ye rough-spunne manne.

PHOGGE reached hys shantye — stumbled inn,
 And boltyd faste ye doore;
 Ye rough-spunne manne drove bolte and barre
 Ryghte inn upone ye floore.

"Yield up yat scheepe!" ye rough-spunne
 manne
 Yelled oute as loud's myght bee;
 But PHOGGE — dispisygne yat advyce —
 In bedd ye scheepe placed hee.

BLEATT FOURTHE.

PHOGGE wrapp'd ye scheepe up inn ye quyltt —

“ Yey won't looke *yere*, I swow! ”

Quod hee, and turn'd hym rounde aboutt

Toe see whatt mayde ye rowe.

And then came inn ye Pyttesfelde menne —

Ye deacone inn ye vanne,

Wyth Ephraime Garlande followynge hym,

And laste, ye rough-spunne manne.

Yen oute and spake ye deacone manne : —

“ Fryende PHOGGE, ye eyghthe commande

Expresslie says thoue shouldyst nott

Toe thievynge putt thy hande.”

(Ye scheepe beneathe ye bed-quyltt thenn

To struggyl dyd begynn —

“ Lye styll! George Gilman! ” PHOGGE he sayd,

“ Nor make such uncouth dynn! ”)

Yen oute and spake Eph. Garlande nexte —

And an angrie mann was hee : —

“ Gyve up yat scheepe, or thoue shaltt swynge

Upone ye nearestt tree! ”

(Ye scheepe beneath the ye quyltt ye whyle
 Its struggyls dyd renewe —
 “My chylde hathe *cholick*,” PHOGGE hēesayde,—
 “Lye styll, my darlynge, doe!”)

Ye rough-spunne mann yn wrathe hee cryed,
 “Thou measlie sonne of Cainne!
 Yielde upp yat scheepe, or never thou
 Shaltt see dayelyghte agayne!”

(Ye scheepe beneath the ye quyltt agayne
 Dyd struggyl furyouslee —
 “Lye styll, George Gilman!” PHOGGE hee cryed,
 Or whypp’d thoultt surelie bee!”)

Ye rough-spunne manne he rays’d hys fyste,
 And dealth toe PHOGGE a blowe —
 Who cryed lyke toe a chylde, and sayd,
 “Boute scheepe I nothyng knowe!”

(Ye scheepe whych lay belowe ye quyltt,
 One hynder legg gott free,
 And kyck’d ye quyltt yntoe ye floore —
 “Baa!” quod ye scheepe — quod hee).

“Bye Godfrie!” swore ye rough-spunne manne,
 And loude and longe laughed hee —
 “Suche hornes upone a lyttle chylde,
 I swowe, I ne’er dyd see!”

PHOGGE turned hym pale as anye scheet —
 Hys courage eowarde play'd —
 Hee kneltt hym downe upone hys knees,
 And fulle confessyone mayde: —

BLEATT FYFTHE.

“ Oh, mercye! mercye! ” PHOGGE ymplored —
 “ And pytye onn mee tayke;
 Lett mercye all youre bowells move,
 For mye poore chyltrenn's sayke! ”

To yis ye rough-spunne man replied: —
 “ No bowell lefte have I —
 Wythe chyltren borne wythe ram's-hornes onn
 I owne noë sympathye.”

“ Oh, mercye! mercye! ” whyned out PHOGGE —
 “ Your heartes lett pytye move;
 I stole ye scheepe — I love scheepe-meate
 Withe uncontrolllyde love! ”

Yen oute and spoke Eph. Garlande, and
 “ Dod-rott ye love! ” quod hee,
 “ Yat leanes ytt onn a toughe olde ramm —
 As toughe as toughe cann bee! ”

"Itt's nayture!" — quycklye answer'd PHOGGE,

"Fore hystorye tells off yore!

Mye ancestores, fore stealyng scheepe,

Were banyshed England's shore."

"Itt's nayture!" quod ye rough-spunne manne—

"And ne'er was playner facte;

Yat whatt ys bredde wythynn ye bonne

From ye flesche yee can'tt extracte."

And thenn ye deaconne manne spoke oute:—

"Ye wise manne he discernes,

Yat juste as ye olde cocke will crowe,

Ye youngere chickyng learnes."

"Yat's true!" sayde PHOGGE; "mye fathere stole

Hys muttone, fatt and goode;

Hee loved itt — soe doe I — yerfore

Scheepe-stealyng's in my bloode.

"Suche ys ye consanguineous strengthe

Off ye familye alloye,

Yat *Baa! Baa!* were ye earlyeste wordes

Ere spoke bye George, my boye."

Yenn oute and spoke ye rough-spunne manne:—

"Yee devyll's breed yee bee,

And lazy, thievynge, drinking scumm

Off fouleste filthe are yee!

"I recke mee nott yat yee shoulde hange,
 Or yet in prysone lye;
 But out yis towne, two-fortye speede,
 Bye Godfrie! yee shall hye."

"Tayke mye advyse," ye deacone sayde —
 "Mayke trackes without delaye,
 Or inn ye scheriffe's handes thou'lt bee,
 Ere daylyghte faydes away!"

"Pacce upp your trapps!" Eph. Garlande sayde —
 "And quycklye thee departe,
 Or I swarr, bye alle yat swarrynge's worth,
 Thou'lt rue it inn thyne hearte!"

And yenn outspake ye rough-spunne manne: —
 "Picke upp yatt ramm!" said hee,
 "And carrye itt backe toe whence itt came,
 Thou thievyng rapparee!"

Yen shoulder'd PHOGGE ye toughe old ramm,
 And did whatt hee was tolde;
 And what dyd happenn afterwarde,
 Yis tale ytt will unfold.

BLEATT SYXTHE.

Ye farmers nyne yn Pyttesfelde mett
 Ere ye monthe off Maye hadd gonne,
 And ye commyttee mayde yeir reporte
 Of whatt wythe PHOGGE yey'd donne.

'Twas movyde, yenn, and secondyde,
 Yat resolvyde yt shoulde bee,
 Yat ye farmers' thanks were justlye due
 Untoe ye commyttee.

Soe beeynge putt untoe ye vote,
 Ye motionne passed *crim. con.*,
 And ye farmers wentt toe likker upp,
 Well pleas'de wyth whatt was donne.

And whenn untoe ye rumm-shoppe doore
 Ye farmer menne hadd come,
 Whoe dydd yey see butt PHOGGE ynnyde,
 Exchayngyng wooll fore rumme.

When PHOGGE hee sawe ye farmer menne,
 Wythe feare hys lymbes dyd shayke —
 Eache unkempt hayre uponne hys heade
 Stoodde styff as anye stayke!

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Yey founde a poolle yn Sunkooke's streame —
 Was tenn feete deepe and more,
 And yey dragg'de ye scheepe-thiefe throughe
 and throughe,
 Nynne tymes from shore toe shore.

Yey layde hym downe uponne ye banke,
 Where ye grasse was freshe and greene—
 "Bye Godfrie!" sayde ye rough-spunne manne,
 "Hee's kycked ye buckytt cleane!"

"And yett yt cannott bee ye case,
 Yatt ye buckytt kyck'd has hee;
 Fore hee yat's borne fore toe bee hang'de
 Hee shalle nott drownyd bee!"

Yenn oute and spake ye deaconne manne:—
 "I hope yat PHOGGE wyll live;
 Fore, rayther yann ye manne shoulde die,
 One halfe mye flocke I'd gyve!"

Eph. Garlande nexte spake oute and sayde:—
 "Yis busynesse does looke badd;
 I'd gyve ye beste scheepe inn mye stocke
 Noe hande yn ytt I'd hadd!"

Oute spoke ye farmers, one bye one,
 And eache one sayde ye same;
 And ev'n ye rough-spunne manne begann
 Toe thynke hee was toe blayme.

Yen alle att once upp startyd PHOGGE,

And toe ye menne dyd saye : —

“ Lett eache manne gyve toe mee a scheepe,

And I'll tayke alle blayme awaye !

“ And, furthymore, I'll leave ye towne,

And back I ne'er shalle come.”

“ Bye Godfrie ! ” swore ye rough-spunne manne,

“ Ye scheepe are thyne, bye gumm ! ”

Ye farmers yenn dyd alle agree,

Eache manne hys pledge toe keepe,

Toe meete yn Pyttesfelde towne nexte noone,

And eache one brynge a scheepe.

Ye rough-spunne manne (whenn by yemselves)

Suggested ys one thyng, —

In bryngyng eache one of a scheepe,

A blacke-scheepe each shoulde brynge.

BLEATT SEVENTHE.

Whatt styrs ye folkes in Pyttsfelde towne ?

Whatt brynges ye crowdes yerein ?

Whatt maykes ye calathumpyann bande

Kycke up suche fearfulle dynn ?

Why dothe ye people gather rounde,
 And heynyous uproare keepe?
 Yey laughe toe see ye farmer menne —
 Eache manne wythe hys black scheepe.

Nott younge and tendyr are ye scheepe,
 Butt crustye, toughe olde ramms;
 Fore manye yeares have pass'de awaye
 Synce yese olde ramm's were lambes.

"Bye Godfrie!" sayde yerough-spunne manne —
 "Wythynn mye olde ramm's fleece
 You cannott fynde as muche off fatt
 As mote a gymblette grease!"

Eph. Garlande sayde, "Tayke mye olde ramme,
 Hym stewe, and roaste, and boyle —
 Fromm oute hys carkayse you can'tt tayke
 One thymble-fulle off oyle!"

Yenn oute and spoke ye deacone manñ —
 Hys wordes most guardyd were : —
 "Yatt mye olde ramm hee is nott fatt,
 I thynke I maye ynferr."

And nexte spoke oute a farmer manne —
 And a waggyshe manne was hee : —
 "Mye ramm's as thynn as anye two
 Olde ramms I o'er dyd see!"

Whatt horrydd musyck's yatt we heare?

Whatt fore yatt fearfull dynn?

What meanes ye crowde off shoutynge youtnes

Who come ye towne wythynn?

Whatt famylie sitts yntoe ye carte,

Ye whyche tenn oxen drawe?

And who ye boye ye carte wythinn

Ye scheepe-schanke bone dothe gnawe?

Itt is ye calathumpyann bande

Roughe musycke who dyscusse,

Fore ye processyone whyche dyrectt

Ye scheepe-thiefe's exodus.

PHOGGE's famylie sitt wythinn ye carte —

Ye ranke scheepe-stealyngue rogue! —

Ye lyttle boye, ye bone who gnawes,

Is younge GEORGE GILMAN PHOGGE.

Yey've dryvⁿ PHOGGE, wythe hys black scheepe,

Across ye Pyttesfielde lyne,

And a curse hym gave wythe everye scheepe —

So ye curses yey were nyne.

Ye deaconne and ye rough-spunne manne,

Eph. Garlande, and ye reste

Off ye honest menne in Pyttsfielde towne,

Dyd solemnlie proteste:

If ever yey shoulde PHOGGE agayne
 Wythinn yeir borders see,
 Wyth a hemppen cravatt rounde hys necke,
 Hyghe hangyd hee shoulde bee.

PHOGGE bente hys stepps towards ye northe;
 And, ever synce yat day,
 Frome Pyttesfielde and ye rough-spunne manne
 Hee has keptt hymselfe awaye.

[Ye rough-spunne manne a *Senatore*
 Becayme (from number foure),
 Eph. Garlande *Representatyve*,
 And ye deacone *Cuncyllore*.

In ye Compylede Statutes maye
 Yeir statesmanshuppe bee seene:
 Chapter two hundredd twentye-nyne,
 And section mark'd thyrteene.]

And gladnesse was wythe Pyttesfielde menne,
 Fore off PHOGGE yey hadd gott cleare;
 Butt yatt woe awayts New Hamptone folks,
 Yis tale wyll mayke appeare.

BLEATT EYGHTE.

In Barnsteade manye chyckynge young
 Dyd mourne yeir mothers gone;
 And manye an orphann lambe dyd blaatt
 On ye hills off Gilmantone;

And geess gott scarce yn Meredythe,
 And turkeys fatt and fayre:
 Butt woe fell on New Hamptone, fore
 PHOGGE pyched hys shantye there!

Ye farmers watchyd all ye nyghte,
 And yey watchyd all ye daye;
 Butt wythe all ye watchynge yey coulde watche,
 Yeir scheepe were ta'en awaye!

Why cockes and henns, and duckes and geess,
 And lyttle pygges as well,
 And corne and beanes and pumpkings too,
 Departyd, none coulde tell.

Whenn manye yeares hadd pass'd and gone,
 And ye untrayn'd bratts off PHOGGE,
 Hadd nighe to womenne grown and menne—
 Lyke ranke weedes inn a bogge;

Itt happen'd, once upone a tyme,
 GEORGE GILMAN stooode besyde
 A farmer manne as hee dyd tayke
 From off a scheepe the hyde.

"Now tell mee," sayde ye farmer ma ne —
 As ye knyfe dyd flouryshe hee —
 "If youre old mann can dresse a scheepe
 E'en halfe as well as mee?"

"Can't tell!" GEORGE GILMAN sayde, "for
 whenn

I've gone toe bedd att nyghte,
Downe cellar dothe mye father dresse
Hys scheepe bye candle-lyghte."

"Aha!" thenn sayde ye farmer manne,
 And thenn "Oho!!" sayde hee —
 "Fore manye syngular thynges off late
 Yatt facte accounts toe mee!"

"Where pasturethe thye father's scheepe?
 Howe manye dothe hee owne?"

GEORGE GILMAN ynnocentlye sayde —
 "Off scheepe, we have gott none!"

GEORGE further tolde yatt, salte and freshe,
 Off muttone yere was store
 Att home, and eke assortyd wooll,
 Two hundryd weighte and more.

“Thy father stealyth othyr’s scheepe!”

The farmer manne hee sayde—

“And what’s ye harm?” GEORGE GILMAN
ask’de—

“*Scheepe-stealyng’s father’s trayde!*”

Ah! suche ye power off practysed vice,
In banyshynge off schayme,
Yatt conscyence hardyned wyll become
’Gainst every sense off blayme!

Bad preceptes have a damnyng power
Uponn ye soules off menne;
Butt, where bad precepte kyllethe one,
Example kyllethe tenne.

BLEATT NYNTHE.

“Gett eaoutt!” exclaymed ye farmer manne—

“Evaporate!” quod hee;

“Toe urge toe mee suche vyle excuse,
A brazen face have yee!”

GEORGE GILMAN quycklye turn’d hym rounde,
And quycklye dydd departe,
Butt a gambrelle hytt hym on ye heeles,
Where lyethe George’s hearte.

“ I have lyvyde ” — sayde ye farmer manne —

“ Nyghe onn toe fyftye yeare,

But suche a shameless plea, I swowe!

I never yett dydd heare.

“ I’ve loste mye lambes, mye pigges, mye henns,

Soe have mye neighbors too;

And hee who maykes our loss hys trayde,

Hys handyeraste shall rue! ”

Exeytyd was ye farmer manne,

And woundylie he swore,

Whenn upp dyd come ye mynistere

Untoe ye farmer’s doore.

“ Oh, sweare nott! ” quod ye mynistere —

In mylde rebuke hee spoke —

“ But untoe me I praye come telle

Whatt dothe thyne wrathe provoke? ”

Ye farmer manne ye mynistere

Tolde what GEORGE GILMAN sayde:

Yat howe scheepe-stealyng e itt hadd beene

Hys father’s onye trayde.

Ye mynistere spoke oute and sayde: —

“ Yat PHOGGE I knowe toe bee

A heathene manne — noe moral sense

Off upryghtnesse hathe hee;

“ Toe worke, hys backe hee wyll nott bende —
 Toe wante, he won'tt bee bounde —
 And sympathye inn suche a case
 Is spyltt onn stonye grounde.

“ Some honeste menne sterne Poyertye
 Have strenuouslye defyede,
 And stolen rather yan goe begg;
 (Myssguidyde bye^ryeir pryde).

“ O'er suche will Pytye wype itt's eyes,
 And generouss heartes lamente; —
 (Toe carrye oute suche sympathyes
 Heav'n Charitye hathe lente;)

“ Fore hym whoe hathe ye power off goode,
 And dothe hys gyfte neglecte,
 And thwarte itt evil workes toe doe,
 Hath Feelynge noe respecte.”

Ye farmer manne yese wordes hee hearde,
 And toe yemm added hee: —

“ Before another weeke dothe pass,
 PHOGGE shall detectyd bee!”

He callyde onn ye seelecte-menne,

“ Ye Constabel ” likewise,
 All menne off “ fonctionne,” who, off course,
 Coude gyve hym goode advyse.

Yey yen a plotte amonge yem layde —
 A plotte whyche workyde welle ;
 And whatt ye plotte, and itt's resulte,
 Ye nexte bleatt itt shalle telle.

BLEATT TENTHE.

Yey tooke toe yemm a fyne fatt scheepe,
 And toe a stayke itt tyede,
 Quyte close untoe ye shantye where
 Ye scheepe-thiefe dyd abyde.

And whenn ye nyghte hadd growne as darke
 As Tophett's innmoste deepe,
 Yey inn a scheepe-skynn stytych'de a pigge,
 And exchayng'de itt fore ye scheepe.

“ I've beene toe Bostynge sundrie tymes,”—
 Ye farmer, laughynge, sayde ;
 “ Inn Portlande, too, I've often beene,
 And done a powere of trayde ;

“ And manye a curyous syghte I've seene,
 Whyche caus'de mee muche surpryse ;
 Butt, on suche a breede off scheepe as yatt
 I've never caste myne eyes ! ”

Yey layde yem downe upone ye grounde,
 And keene watche dydd yey keepe;
 Fore everye one expectyde PHOGGE
 Toe come and steale ye *scheepe*.

Nor dyd yeir expectatyones fayle;
 Fore, bye and bye, came PHOGGE —
 Hee cutt ye rope, and, shoulderynge itt,
 Off ranne hee wythe ye hogge.

As loude as roars ye oceann storme,
 Whyche saylors' graves dyggez deepe,
 Soe loudlye roared ye animale
 Whyche PHOGGE tooke fore a *scheepe*.

As loude as dothe a cannone roare,
 Or as Jacke-asse dothe braye,
 Soe loudlye roar'de ye strugglynge hogge
 Whyche PHOGGE hee bore awaye.

Ye louder yatt ye hogge dyd roare
 Ye quycker PHOGGE hee ranne;
 Butt "Ye Constabel" ranne fastere, and
 Soe dyd ye farmer manne!

Ye darkness itt was denselye thycke
 As ye chase pass'de o'er ye grounde;
 Butt whatt off syghte ye chasers lack'de
 Was made upp bye ye sounde.

Ye manne maye nott goode musycke mayke
 Whoe science scornes 'tis cleare;
 Butt noughte may hynder menn toe catche
 A scheepe-thiefe *by ye eare.*

Ye pigge itt roar'de, and ye thiefe hee ranne
 Tyll hee trypp'de agaynste a stumpe,
 And o'er itt, wythe ye pygge, dyd falle
 Intoe a dytche *ker-slumpe!*

Yey have caughte ye scheepe-thiefe by ye throate
 And have tyede hymm harde and faste;
 And "Ye Constabel," wythe all due speede,
 Hathe PHOGGE in prysone caste.

Noe fryendes hadd hee toe sympathyze
 Wythe hymm, or fynde hymm bayle;
 Soe, till yis storye dothe proceede,
 We'll leave ye rogue in jayle.

BLEATT ELEVENTHE.

Whenn manye dayes hadd pass'de and gone,
 Ye Courte-tyme dydd come rounde,
 And ye jurye-menne, wythe small delaye,
 A bill 'gaynste PHOGGE yey founde.

Now PHOGGE hadd hyrede a lawyere manne —

A pleader bolde was hee —

And everye pounde off wooll was solde

Toe paye yis lawyere's fee.

[Fore, 'tis notoriously true —

And every manne hee sees —

Yatt lawyeres cann bee hyred to do

Im-pos-sy-byl-y-tyes.]

Yis lawyere hadd affinitye

Fore whatt concernede *wooll*;

Polytycallye he'de been taughte

Wythyn ye *Free Soyle* schooll.

“*Nott guiltye!*” PHOGGE hee pleaded, and

Ye tryall dydd proceede,

And ye New Hamptone farmer swore

Untoe PHOGGE's thievynge deede.

“Ye Constabel” hee alsoe swore,

And ye seelecte-menne as welle,

Yatt PHOGGE hadd stolenn off ye pigge

Inn ye waye yis tale dothe telle.

Ye roughe-spunne manne — ye deacone too —

And Eph. Garlande dydd come downe,

And sweare untoe ye thievysche tryckes

Off PHOGGE in Pyttesfelde towne.

Ye wytnesses toe caractere,
 Yeir testymonye ranne
 Toe prove yatt PHOGGE a sluggarde was,
 And a schameloss, thievyng manne.

Ye jurye hymm convyctede, and
 Toe pryson PHOGGE hoo wente —
 A journeye whyche hee hadd nott mayde
 Unless he hadd beene sente.

Ye scheriffe schacklede PHOGGE, and caus'de
 Hym to Stayto's Prysone goe:
 Yo Wardenne sayde: — "What trayde would ye
 Selecte? I wanto toe knowe?"

Untoo yis wishe dydd PHOGGE replie. —
 "Synce worke I muste, I crave,
 Scheepe-stealyng yatt ye lett mee do,
 'Tis ye onlye trayde I have."

Butt ye scheepe-walke inn ye prysone yarde
 Itt was nott wello supplyede;
 Butt ye butchore-meate dydd PHOGGE cut up
 Untoe ye dayo hee dyede;

Fore dye hee dydd (as all men will),
 And wytho hys lateste groano
 Hee sayde: — "*Gyve mee a mouthefulle, praye,
 Fromm off yat scheepe-schanke bone!*"

Hys famylye, lyke ye Ishmaelytes,
 Are scatter'de farr and wyde;
 And ever manage to espouse
 Dysorganyzatyone's syde.

GEORGE GILMAN tooke toe merchandyze,
 Oute off ye common tracke;
 Inn *wooll* hee traydes extensyvlve,
 But hee onlye deales inn *blacke*.

MORAL.

Yere is an olde storye
 Been oftenn hearde tolde:
 Yatt a manne toe learne wisdome
 Is never too olde.

Ye truthe off ye proverbe
 Maye *some* folkes descrye:
 "Yatt itt *alwayes* is beste
 Toe lett *sleepynge doggs lye!*"



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